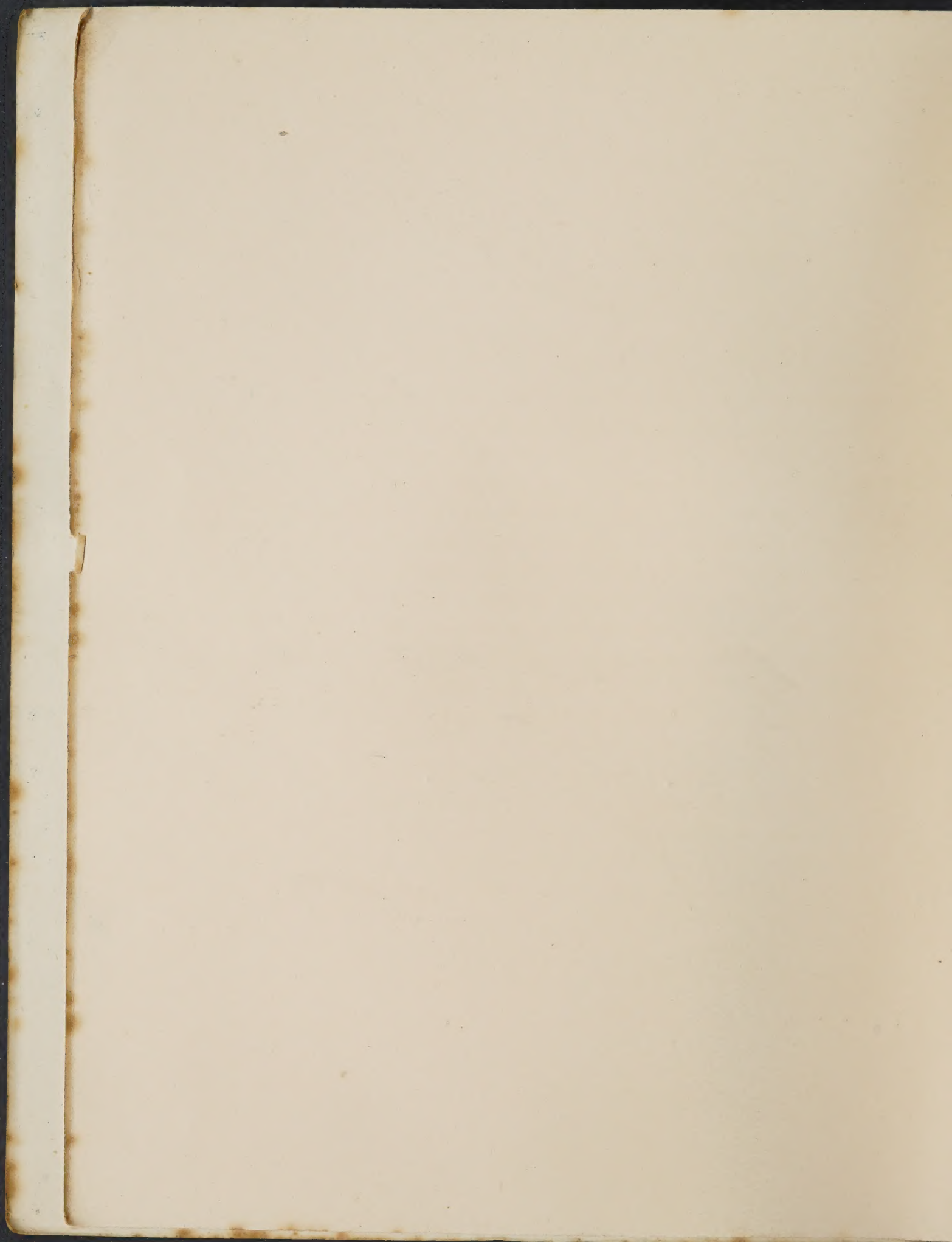


9

Old
English Literature.

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INTRODUCTION.

HUGH HOLLAND, the author of the ensuing poem, was also the writer of fourteen lines, such as were then considered a sonnet, on the death of Shakespeare, and on the publication of the folio, 1623. They are conceited, and have little merit.

Nearly the same criticism may be offered upon the succeeding poem, though it certainly displays more talent and cleverness, but the whole fabric is violent and unnatural; and reading the prefixed eulogium by Ben Jonson (unknown to the editors of his works, and never republished by himself) we wonder at the manner in which, even in the partiality of friendship, he brought himself to speak so extravagantly of Holland's powers: Ben Jonson only terms Shakespeare the "sweet swan of Avon"; but Holland, according to him, was the "sweet swan" of nearly every river in Europe: and we almost wonder that, in the excess of his hyperbole, he did not carry him over the Atlantic to the Amazons and the Orinoco. We surmise that Holland was rich, and we know that Ben Jonson was poor, and we recollect no earlier effort of the kind by the learned and "inspired brick-layer." In its way it is admirable.

The best point about "Pancharis" is unquestionably the versification in the Italian *terza rima*, a form of composition then

unusual in our language. The construction of the plot, so to call it, is little short of ridiculous, when we find the author bringing down Diana and Venus to hob-nob with Queen Katharine out of a cup formerly belonging to Edward the Confessor, while Cupid is represented as the chief agent in her amour. The court revel, according to the manner of the time, is, however, well and clearly described; but the best feature in it, the discussion between the Maid, Wife, and Widow, was borrowed from Sir John Davys, as printed in 1602 in the first edition of "The Poetical Rhapsody."

The date of the publication of Holland's poem is 1603, but he professes that it had been penned before the death of Elizabeth; and his letter to Sir Robert Cotton, at the close, is a sort of imitation of the method pursued by Spenser, when in 1590 he appended his exposition of the "Faery Queen" addressed to Sir Walter Raleigh. The Richard Martin to whom Holland addressed his rhyming Latin lines, near the end, was the man who had had so violent a quarrel with Sir John Davys shortly after 1596, and who was Recorder of London when James I. came to the throne.

Notwithstanding its many defects, and in consequence of some of its peculiarities, the production is worth preserving; and, as there is but a single copy of it in existence, we have reprinted it as a remarkable and curious relic by a friend of Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, and of other poets of their day. If Holland ever wrote or printed a continuation of this his "first book", it has not come down to us.

J. P. C.

PANCHARIS:

The First Booke.

CONTAINING

The Preparation of the Love betweene OWEN
TUDYR, and the QUEENE, long since intended
to her Maiden MAJESTIE :

And now dedicated

TO

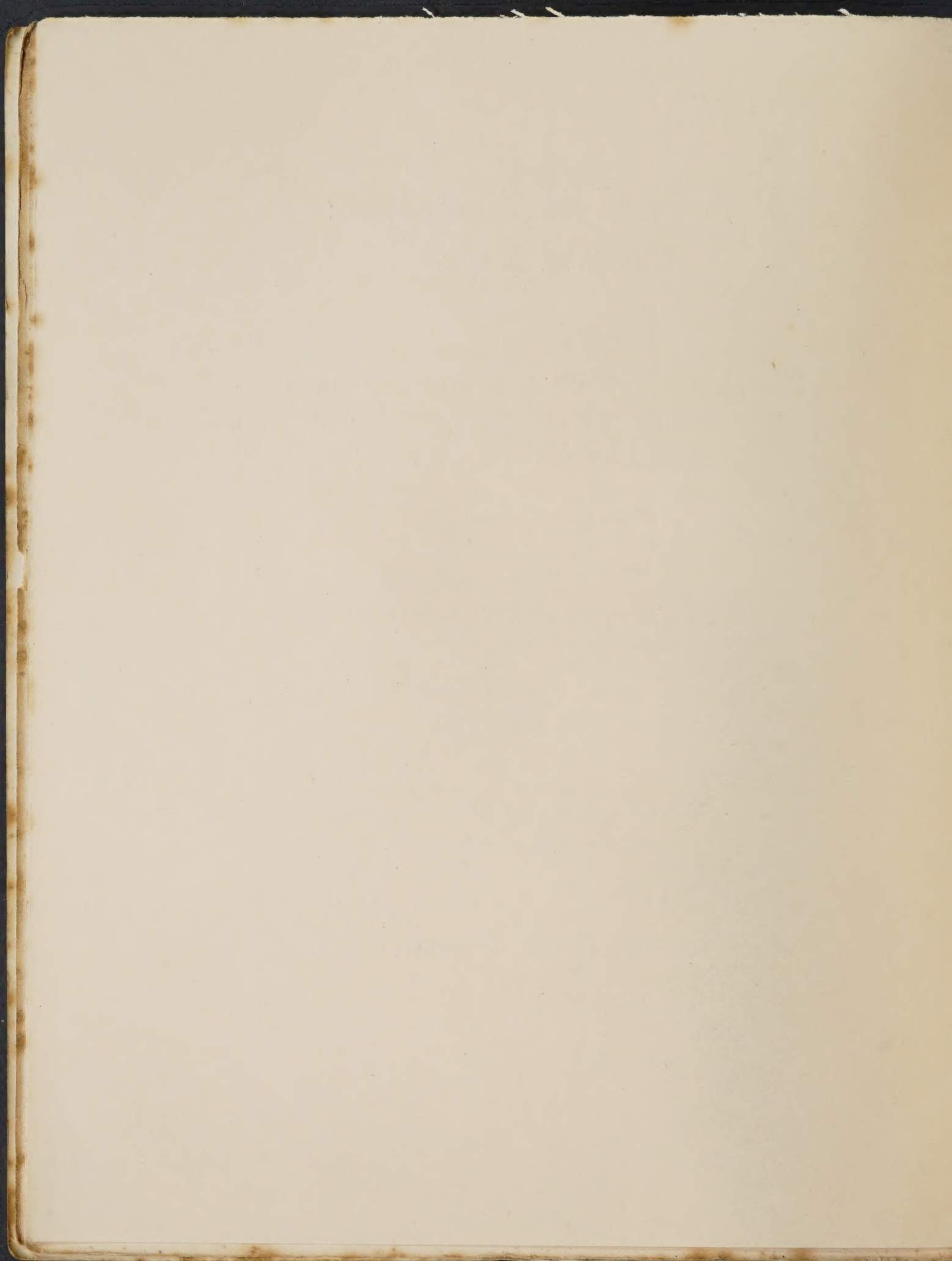
THE INVINCIBLE JAMES,

Second and greater Monarch of Great Britaine,
King of *England, Scotland, France* and
Ireland, with the *Islands* adjacent.

Mar. Valerius *Martialis*
Victurus Genium debet habere liber.

Printed at London by V. S. for Clement Knight.

CIO IDC III.



TO MY LORD THE KING.

SONET ACROSTICKE.

IMAGE of God ; first as a man, and then
As king, by most desert, and onely right :
Man is the king of creatures, and thy might
Exceedes this too, for thou art king of men.
Sunne of our sphaere, may never clowde up pen
So radiant beames from thy poore subjects fight :
That still our eyes may see their happy light,
Ev'n as their heate did warme our bosoms, when
Unseene they shone beneath the fixed star.
Up, noble minde, to thy fift empirie,
And soare yet higher then thy fortunes ar :
Resemble Heav'n in all but levitie,
Take after earth in nothing more or lesse,
Except an irremoooved stayednesse.

TO THE BRIGHT QUEENE ANNE,
HIS DEERE WIFE, AND OUR DREAD LADY.

1. What is she that like silver *Cynthia* shoeth
Amidst the hoast of heaven,
But fairer threetimes seaven ?
It is the Queene of Love ! see where she goeth :
The Queene of Love and Beauty, (lo) together
With her faire son the Prince of Love comes hether.

2. The Southpole that in our horizon shined,
 And made the earth to wonder,
 Gone is that earth all under,
 And to the Northpole hath her roome resigned:
 On whom to waite our eyes and harts perfever,
 And may they cease, ô never, never, never!

3. Thou, in whose zodiak of white armes enchained,
 Our funne so oft hath shined,
 In whose wombe was confined
 What in this isle scornes to be long contained;
 Live thou and he, and maist thou see him rather
 Copartner, then successor to his Father.

TO MY LORD THE PRINCE

SONET ACROSTICKE.

Heire of thy Sires foure realmes, and (which I more
 Esteeme) foure vertues, that unto a fift,
 No doubt, will thee (o slowly, slowly) lift;
 Receive this ryme of thine old auncestore,
 Yong Prince of *Wales*, and pardon me therefore.
 So may glad VICTORY be one day swift
 To crowne thy sacred head (that art a grift
 Extracted hence) with holy bayes, before
 (Unvanquish'd or unhurt by sea or land)
 Upon thy brow the wreath of *England* fit:
 And I with crowned head, but armed hand,
 Ride by thy lordly side, and, after it,
 Turne from thy Grandfires loves to sing thy wars,
 Exchanging *Venus* mole for *Marses* skars.

ILLUSTRISSIMÆ DOMINÆ
ARBELLÆ STUARTÆ.

SONULUS ELEGEIACUS ACROSTICHUS.

*Auricomum alterius mundi jubar altera virgo,
Regia cui stirps est, meus neque stirpe minor;
Bis imperfectum facili cape fronte poema:
Est quia perfectus qui tibi mittit amor.
Lactea nec Venus est illic, nec vena, nec unquàm
Lætus amor Musæ novit adesse meæ.
Attamen Eugenii sacros cantillat amores,
Sensit amans socium queis Catherina jugum.
Tandem orata Venus sic ambos juvit amantes,
Unde genus tantis regibus, atque tibi.
Atque mihi scribenti utinam sic æqua fuisset:
Ritè ego si colui, dum sub Amore fui.
Tu tamen (horridulæ faveas licet ipsa Dianæ)
Alma veni, Musis et Venus esto meis.*

*Clarissimo et candidissimo ingenio Præceptori olim, semper
Amico GULIELMO CAMDENO, Armorum Regi
nulli secundo, poëmation hoc censendum et
emendandum mitto.*

*Nanus Musæi cupit in quacunque locari
Parte liber, magnum nec capit ille locum.
Sed neque se magnis studet immiscere Poetis
Quales Meonides maximus, atque Maro.
Cernuus hic veterum lambat vestigia vatum,
Atque pio sanctos basiet ore pedes.
Cum Nasone tamen ponas (hic namque libellus*

*Sanctior, ut multis doctior ille modis)
 Vel cum Chaucero (nec enim mihi fidus amator
 Est minùs, et multo Nympha pudica magis.)
 Plus quoque quam tetigisse pedes fortasse meretur,
 Quando tuas meritis sit tetigisse manus.*

ANDREAS DOWNES GRÆCUS PROFESSOR
 REGIUS CANTABRIGIÆ.

*Antiquos memorat vatum chorus omnis amores,
 Sed plerumque quibus non Venus æqua fuit ;
 Fœlices HOLLANDE canis fœliciter igneis
 Tu veterum, quibus haud abnuit alma Venus.
 Et REGINA fuit memorabilis, et THEODORUS :
 Illam qui meruit, carmine dignus erat.
 Nec taniùm furor ambobus fuit ille secundus,
 Nec blandum hoc modo tum invit utrumque jugum :
 Sed populos domuit sævos gentesque feroceis
 Hic tandem placidè conciliavit amor.
 Cujus nunc volvenda dies fructum attulit vitro,
 Et majore beat munere longa dies.
 Namque tribus populis discordibus insula dives
 Ante colebatur, bellaque crebra movet.
 Verùm exhinc mox læta duos concordia junxit,
 Firmus et hic stabili fœdere vinxit amor.
 Tertia magnanimis restabant regna Britannis,
 Hæc quoque magnifico sub duce nunc coeunt.
 Hac etenim de stirpe venit rex inclytus, atque
 Clara recens soboles, et nova progenies.
 Quæ penitus toto seclusos orbe Britannos*

Æternâ reget in pace, favente Deo.
Et majoribus auspiciis dominabitur oræ,
Circumquaque ingens quâ fluit Oceanus :
Sceptra tenens, diadema gerens, JACOBI age honores,
Aggredere ô magnos, maxime, lætus ovans.
Horridulâ genitum in regione Eremanthidos, Arcti,
Sol regem vidit, te simul atque hominem.
Creverunt animi pariter crescentibus annis,
Sors tandem œqua animis cedere regna jubet.
Finibus exiguis arctari magna recusant,
Virtuti campum fata dedere parem.
Mollior horrifero Boreæ superadditus Auster,
Una est virtutis facta palæstra tibi.
Quàm sapiens fuit Empedocles, qui fœdere amoris,
Et cælo et terrâ cuncta coire facit !
I nunc ô vates et Theseas atque Ariadnes
Medeasque truces dic et Amazonidas :
Materiam noster novit sibi sumere dignam,
Dignos et versus pangere materiâ.

NICOLAI HILLI CARMEN TESTAMENTALE
ET VIATICUM.

Nunc migro, nec patrios forsan rediturus ad agros
Urget, et officii debita cura premit.
Quid prohibebit enim quin veri testis honestem,
Quem studii paritas lustraque multa probant ?
Raptim et discedens verbo quod sentio dicam,
Totius gregis est gloria, nemo gregis.
Ornat et egregiis Catharinam millibus effert :
Ut canit ille suam, sic canit illa suum.

E. B.

Anacreontickes.

Scarfe 'till now hath ENGLAND seen
 A Poëm, but of verses store ;
 Here an unenforced green
 Hath native flowres, which heretofore
 Had, at most, well painted been,
 As was the season which them bore :
 Arts each *Venus* that doth shine
 In ancient Poësie, heer more.
 HOLLAND, this first birth of thine
 Put forth imperfect, stands before
 The finished, and shall in fine
 Somewhat be new for worlds t'adore :
 CYNTHIUS (as we divine)
 And the MUSES, and the GRACES,
 And their QUEENE, by thee refine
 Bastard songs, whose common bases
 Were but words, that KATHARINE
 Beautie equall to her faces
 Might enjoy. Here then unhard
 A princely Love, and learned Bard.

 BEN : JOHNSON.
Ode ἀλληγορικῇ.

Who faith our times nor have, nor can
 Produce us a blacke swan ?
 Behold, where one doth swim,
 Whose note and hue

Besides the other swannes admiring him,
 Betray it true :
 A gentler bird then this
 Did never dint the breast of *Tamisis*.

Marke, marke, but when his wing he takes,
 How faire a flight he makes !
 How upward and direct !
 Whil'st pleas'd Apollo
 Smiles in his sphere, to see the rest affect
 In vaine to follow.
 This swanne is onely his,
 And *Phæbus* love cause of his blackeneffe is.

He shew'd him first the hoofe-cleft spring,
 Neere which the *Thespiads* sing ;
 The cleare *Dircean* fount
 Where *Pindar* swamme ;
 The pale *Pyrene*, and the forked *Mount* :
 And, when they came
 To brookes, and broader streames,
 From *Zephyr's* rape would close him with his beames.

This chang'd his downe, till this, as white
 As the whole beard in fight,
 And still is in the brest :
 That part nor winde,
 Nor sunne could make to vary from the rest,
 Or alter kinde ;
 So much doth virtue hate,
 For stile of rarenesse, to degenerate.

Be then both rare and good ; and long
 Continue thy sweete song.
 Nor let one river boast
 Thy tunes alone ;
 But prove the aire, and faile from coast to coast :
 Salute old *Mône*.
 But first to *Cluid* stoope low,
 The vale that bred thee pure, as her hills snow.

From thence display thy wing againe
 Over *Iêrna* maine,
 To the *Eugenian* dale ;
 There charme the rout
 With thy soft notes, and hold them within pale
 That late were out.
 Musicke hath power to draw,
 Where neither force can bend, nor feare can awe.

Be prooffe, the glory of his hand,
 (Charles *Montjoy*) whose command
 Hath all beene harmony :
 And more hath wonne
 Upon the *Kerne*, and wildest *Irishry*,
 Then time hath donne,
 Whose strength is above strength,
 And conquers all things ; yea it selfe, at length.

Who ever sipt at *Baphyre* river,
 That heard but spight deliver
 His farre-admired acts,
 And is not rap't

With entheate rage to publish their bright tracts?
 (But this more apt
 When him alone we sing)
 Now must we plie our ayme, our swan 's on wing.

Who (see) already hath ore-flowne
 The *Hebrid* Isles, and knowne
 The scatter'd *Orcades*;
 From thence is gon
 To utmost *Thule*: whence he backes the seas
 To *Caledon*,
 And over *Grampius* mountaine,
 To *Loumond* lake, and *Twedes* blacke-springing fountaine.

Haste, haste, sweete finger! nor to *Tine*,
Humber, or *Owse*, decline;
 But over land to *Trent*:
 There coole thy plumes,
 And up againe, in skies and aire to vent
 Their reeking fumes;
 Till thou at *Tames* alight,
 From whose prowde bosome thou began'st thy flight.

Tames, prowde of thee, and of his fate
 In entertaining late
 The choise of *Europes* pride,
 The nimble *French*,
 The *Dutch* whom wealth (not hatred) doth divide,
 The *Danes* that drench
 Their cares in wine; with fure
 Though flower *Spaine*, and *Italy* mature.

All which, when they but heare a straine
 Of thine, shall thinke the *Maine*
 Hath sent her *Mermaides* in,
 To hold them here :
 Yet, looking in thy face, they shall begin
 To loofe that feare ;
 And (in the place) envie
 So blacke a bird so bright a qualitie.

But should they know (as I) that this
 Who warbleth *PANCHARIS*,
 Were *Cycnus*, once high flying
 With Cupids wing ;
 Though, now by *Love* transform'd, and dayly dying :
 (Which makes him sing
 With more delight, and grace)
 Or thought they *Leda's* white adult'ers place

Among the starres should be resign'd
 To him, and he there shrin'd ;
 Or *Tames* be rap't from us
 To dimme and drowne
 In heav'n the signe of old *Eridanus* :
 How they would frowne !
 But these are mysteries
 Conceal'd from all but cleare propheticke eyes.

It is inough, their grieve shall know
 At their returne, nor *Po*,
Iberus, *Tagus*, *Rheine*,
Scheldt, nor the *Maas*,

Slow *Arar*, nor swift *Rhone*, the *Loyre*, nor *Seine*,
With all the race
Of *Europes* waters can
Set out alike, or second to our fwan.

TO MY MAYDEN MUSE.

Goe, Virgin Muse, to her divinity,
That is the Vesta of Virginitie :
For unto whom shouldst thou goe rather
So bound to her, and to her father ?
Be gonne, and when thou com'st before her,
Upon thy knee, see thou adore her.
For thou mayst gather by her feature,
She is more then an earthly creature ;
In whom no elements are combined,
But a fift essence, well refined
Above the vulgar grosse confections
Of any of the fower complexions,
Flegme, Sanguine, Melancholy, Coler.
Tell her that once I was her scholer,
And how in grammer I was grounded
In the best schoole she ever founded,
By two great clerkes (two greater wasters
Of oyle then houres) that were my Masters :
Where I liv'd partly of her larges,
And partly of my parents charges.
Thence was I had, to learne more knolledge
To *Cambridge*, and her fathers colledge,
Of him whose fame is flowne ALL-OVER,
As well beyond as this side *Dover*.

On *Aristotle* oft I pored,
And here and there him over-skored :
Where poetrie too I found defined,
To which by birth I was enclined.
Yet heard I worthy DOWNES in *Homer*,
And every day I glean'd my gomer.
Thus having there for *Lea* ferved,
(Though some faide *Rachel* I deserved)
Some thought the house could stand without me.

I then began to looke about me,
And forthwith desperately did ventre
The wide world, in whose little centre
My friends (of whom death hath bereft me)
My loving friends some living left me :
Enough (if God the grace but lend me)
From cold and hunger to defend me,
That I may study still by leasure,
Without all paine, and at my pleasure.

Now the blacke doune began to cover
My pale cheekes (for I was a lover)
And fung acrosticke sonets sweetely ;
For (if that some can judge discretely)
I neede not feare that daintie DAVIES,
Though he sing sweeter then the Mavis.
And of my love they were. But, stay thee ;
No more of that, my Muse, I pray thee.
For either it must shew my folly,
Or else renew my melancholly :
Yet was she faire, and honourable,
And vertuous (had she beene more stable).
Though she, perhaps, did but forget her,

And now likes maydenhead the better :
Whereof she is the richest border,
Next CYNTHIA, soveraigne of that Order.

When *Love* my bosome thus had fired,
Me for his prophet he inspired,
That every line, and every letter
Of my devise might passe the better :
Yet of this legend but the writer
Was I, and he the sole inditer.

For how, alas ! can it be other ?
I am not I the Muses brother.
My lips I never yet have sowed
In Hippocrene, nor carowed
The lusty liquor thence distilling,
The braine with holly fury filling.

The climat where I was begotten
Of father *Phæbus* is forgotten :
No Parnasse there (though mountaines many)
No Muse (though Nymphs as faire as any).
God wote it is too farre removed
From her, to be of them beloved.
Apollo, they and all the *Graees*,
Attend her onely in all places.

This, in effect, when thou hast told her,
Thou must be yet a little bolder,
And beg that thou mayst waite upon her,
Among her many Maydes of Honor ;
A modest maide with chaste variety,
To lull asleepe that sweete society ;
Who may, as well as any other,
Reade every line before the Mother,

So shamefac'd are they, and so holly,
Voide of all loofeneffe, and light folly :
Else had it beene too much impiety,
To vow them to so great a Deity.

 This done, againe on knee lowe bended,
And hands as high to heaven extended,
Ascribe me of this golden story
Onely the paine, and her the glory :
Praying she would but reade the proem,
And so breath life into my Poëm. .

PANCHARIS:

The First Booke.

—o—

I SING Queene *Katharine*, and my countryman.
O Love! if I before thy altare spread,
Blacke though I be, have oft lookt pale and wan,
And as white turtles there have offered,
(As are those that thy whiter mother drawe)
Draw neere; and with her myrtle deckt the head
Of me thy priest, that am too rudely rawe,
Nor once have bin baptized in the spring
Of *Helicon*, which yet I never saw,
A pinion plucke me out of thine owne wing;
And let thy godhead more propitious be
Unto my thoughts whiles others loves I sing,
Then in mine owne it hath beene unto me.

And thou, O second sea-borne Queene of Love!
In whose faire forehead love and majestie
Still kisse each other (as the turtle-dove
Doth her beloved) thou whose frowne, whose smile
Presenteth both, who doth inspire and move
This lesser continent, this greatest ile,
Let smiling Love, when Majesty would frowne,
Infuse like life and motion to my stile.
I treat not I here of the awfull crowne,

(Though somewhat of the Court) my legend is
 Composde of Love and Beautie up and downe.
 Where if I aught have faide that sounds amisse,
 Immortall Maid, thou pardon me that crime,
 Sith thy white hand which (lord !) I long to kisse
 May crosse out all, and rectifie my rime.
 So shall the amorous readers seeme as those
 That have seene thee full oft and many a time ;
 Yet seeing thee againe, anone suppose
 They somewhat see they never saw before,
 Such spangling objects thou dost still disclose,
 As all desire to see thee more and more.

From *London* westward doth a Castle stand
 Along the Thames, which of the winding shore
 Is called *Windfore*, knowne by sea and land,
 For the rich Quarter and the holy *George*,
 There founded first by the victorious hand
 Of warlike *Edward*, he that was the scourge
 And second hammer of the haughty Scot.
 As the lame God in his Trinacrian forge,
 Striv'd first to blow the stubborne yron hot,
 And after laide about him like a Lord,
 Till he thereof the upper hand had got ;
 So English *Edward* did with fire and sword,
 Lighten and thunder in that northerne clime,
 And never respite did his foe afford,
 (No, nor himselfe almost) untill the time
 As hardy *David* grac'd faire *Windfores* court.
 Where also *John* of *France*, who long'd to clime
 The wheele of Fortune in the selfe same fort,
 A captive king was after shortly seene.

Yet neither this, nor that, so much report
The fame of *Windfore*, as faire *Katherine*;
She that hath yet (save her great neece) no other,
Daughter of *France*, of *England* Mother-Queene,
The sixt *Charles* daughter, the sixt *Henries* mother,
And (which is chiefest) the fift *Henries* wife.

Here the sad Queene ful many a sigh did smother,
Resolved still to leade a widdowes life.
So chaste was she, though faire, and rich, and yong,
That yong and olde to praise her were at strife:
Of her high honour all musitians sung,
And thereto each sweet poet tun'd his pen,
That therewith *England* and all *Europe* rung.
She was the wonder of all mortall men,
Few queenes came neere her, and none went above
In grace and goodnesse, since, before, or then.

Might once no minion dare to kisse her glove,
(Much lesse her hand) or mistresse her mis-call;
As men are wont when they for fashion love.
So modest was she, and so meeke withall,
That all good folkes might to her presence come,
No lesse then to some counsellors common hall.
More doth the futer then the gaudy roome
Set out a monarchs majestie, by ods,
When life or death he looks for as his doome.

Not they that grav'd the gold did make the gods,
But such as did before them bow to begge,
All were they made of clay, but only clods:
Nor they the prince that still provoke and egge,
(That only they may golden idolls be
To which the subject bends his servile legge)

The sacred and anointed majestie
 To robbe the realme, to gaine the subjects wealth,
 To loofe their hearts : but fuch as on the knee
 Importune grace with happineffe and health,
 Not posted off to thofe extreame delayes
 Of bribing favorites, which is worfe then stealth,
 And fcarce was heard of in thofe happy dayes.

Her felfe, a widdow, would for widowes pleade
 With much compaffion, and at al affayes ;
 But as for orphanes bills, them would fhe reade,
 And then fhut in her princely orphans hand,
 Whereby along with her fhe would him leade
 Unto his uncle that did rule the land :
 Hard were the heart, that in fo juft a caufe,
 With two fuch futers upon tearmes could ftand,
 And not difpence a little with the lawes.

Thus with her great delight in doing good
 She wanne fuch fame and popular applaufe,
 That on a time the goddeffe of the wood,
Diana, forely longed once to fee
 This abftract model of all womanhoode,
 And next her felfe the flowre of chaftitie.
 Wherefore (the funne now fcorching in the fkull
 Of *Leo*) foorth a hunting needes would fhee
 To *Winfefore* forreft, which fhe found as ful
 Of deere, as trees ; yet trees fo many ar
 As there the darts of Phœbus are too dull,
 And pierce no more then doth the meanefst ftarre.
 There was the lawrell that was glad to hide
 Her greene head from the face of *Phæbus* farre,
 The lordly oake that fcorn'd not by his fide

The bragging brier, and with wilde yvie was
 Like great God *Bacchus* crownd : there was, beside
 The smooth skinn'd beech, all kerved as did passe,
 In curious knotts that did the names enshrine
 Of many a lover, and of many a lasse.
 There was the elme that underprops the vine,
 And box, wherof poore shepherds frame their pipes,
 The gentle woodbind, and sweete eglantine,
 Each other clipping with their amorous gripes.
 The budded hawthorn, and our *London* dames
 Holy-reformers : the birch lacing stripes
 On lasie truands ; with such like, whose names
 I know not, save the willow that did guirde
 The bankes forsaken of the slippry Thames.

On every tree did sit a severall bird,
 And every bird did sing his severall note :
 This to the base a fift, that sung a third,
 Each one according to his aery throate,
 A summers day, me thinkes, were nothing long
 With the rare musicke which they made by rote :
Phæbe her selfe with all her nymphs did throng
 To heare it, as she had not heavenly beene ;
 And this was all the burden of their song,
 Long live *Diana* and faire *Katherine* !

Wearied with toile, but never with the noyse,
 High time she thought to goe and see the Queene ;
 For her declining brother, that enjoyes
 One part in one of her three-formed realmes,
 Bade her breake up those sports and earthly joyes,
 Sith he must never quench his thirsty beames,
 Till she to heaven returne and take his place,

To governe there the starres, and here the streames.

She therefore to the Castle gan to pace,
That bounteously was built of faire free-stone,
Whose guilded inside, for the greater grace,
Was all set out with many a precious one,
And they with one that yet more precious was :
The cristall windowes round about it shone,
That, as she stood therein, the very glasse
Seem'd rather to let out the lusty light.

On did the goddesse with her meany passe,
Till they came to a roome all richly dight,
Of heavenly blisse and happinesse the bowre,
Where each of other had this happy fight.
The place was after calld the Maydens towre,
But of *Diana* and her maydes, no doubt,
So called was, and is unto this howre.

Much the amazed goddesse look't about,
But most astoned at the Queene shee stood,
That ready word she could bring hardly out,
Before the lovely Queene (who could more good
Then halfe a world) did silence softly breake,
Each Lilly blending with a Rose of blood.
Madame (she fayde), my tongue can hardly speake
That world of worth which I in you admire ;
Then, all that I can doe is farre too weake
To answere your desert and my desire :
For since my Lord, my life, (God his foule save)
Was laide (as well may witnesse my attire)
My better halfe since he was laide in grave,
I never yet came foorth in companie,
But in my chamber my selfe buried have.

Wherefore, if person here, or aught there be,
That unto you may breede the least offence,
God knowes it is without my privitie:
But did I knowe, I soone should rid him hence,
That of this action is not humbly glad.
And therewithall, they both lowe reverence
Did one another. Up the while was had
A banquet to a by some as did passe,
Bisket-bread, fucket, marchpane, marmalad,
Candids, conferves, and all that dainty was:
It haild downe comfects, and through every spoute
The fugar-castles powrd out hypocras;
Walk'd up and downe the boles, so as I doubt
If I may call them standing cups or no.

And as the wine, so went the day about.
Diana rose, and ready was to goe,
When, in another cup of massie golde,
They crownd her wine that sparkled to and fro.

It was the king Confessors cup of old,
Who liv'd a married man, and died a maide.
She kist the cup, where grav'n, she might behold
Aetæons death, and downe it quickly laid;
Then turn'd a little to her maydes aside,
Rebuk't their want of secrecie, and faide.

Could ye no better your owne counsailes hide,
But over *England* too it must be blaz'd?
Lo! heere, *Aetæon* in his horned hide,
While on our shame and nakednesse he gaz'd.
Therewith she pauz'd, but they no word could say,
So were they at that lively mappe amaz'd.
And fure the cup did all so wel display,

As if it white wine were that therein stoode.
Then would ye sweare *Dianaes* felfe there lay,
Nakedly clothed with the cristall flood :
And were it redde, there lay, then would ye sweare,
Actæon bathing him in his owne blood.
At last, as she that halfe abashed were,
Unto the Queene she turn'd and uttred this.

Alacke, alacke! if his owne hownds did teare
This fond *Actæon*, yet the fault was his,
And mine the grieve : we gods are no lesse fory
For mortalls punishments, then for their amisse,
Though we, by this, and that, declare our glory,
And our owne justice in them both exalte.
Yet some will say (and they too peremptory)
That this his fortune was, and not his fault :
Was 't not his fault so to prophane a place,
That hallowed was with franckincense and salt ?
Were 't not his fault that should surprise your grace
Here in your chamber, skare you or your traine,
And from your side your surest servants race ?
Abortive fantasies swimme about his braine,
And faile him when himselfe he most assures :
Runne all his plots and purposes in vaine,
That shall the like attempes on you or yours.

Thus ended she, and with this speach the day.
On stole the night that parting stil procures,
As though it came to bid her come away.
Then tooke she leave, and in her coach did clime
The easterne hill with horses yron gray,
Where in flowe minutes she must tell the time,
And serve the use of man. God bade her so.

When neither cocke doth crow, nor clocke doth chime,
Whether we see her silver face or no,
Yet there she walkes as wel by day as night,
And still about her cristall orbe doth goe.

But (lord) with what a longing and delight
To *Windfor* ward she downe woulde cast her looke,
And guild the wide *Thames* with hir trembling light!
An other heaven ye would have thought the brooke
With moone and stars, and here and there a cloude :
But in high heav'n what way so e're she tooke,
Queene *Katharines* praises there she rung aloude,
Set to the tune of her well tempred fpheare,
Much more harmonious then is harp and croud.

Hermes, that all the ghosts belowe can reare,
And gently usher with his snaky rod,
To this new caroll gave attentive eare :
And (as he is a very prating god)
To the bright *Venus* hath it told anone,
From the first point to the last period.
When she in all the haste would needes be gone,
To see below what all had heard above,
Of Englands Queene and peerelesse paragon :
Her coach was drawne by many a turtle-dove,
And driven by a coachman of great worth,
Her little sonne, the mighty God of Love.

So long he guided on his course by north,
When, having past the seaventh and utmost clime,
Out of the sea he might see peeping forth
A spot of Earth as white any lime ;
To which he thought it best his course to hold.

Now was the Earth, for it was past the prime

That had unmask'd her of her tawny old,
 Revested with a flowry diadem,
 And new greene velvet, spangled all with gold :
 Thus were the fields enameld all of them,
 Along the silver Thames, that did embrace
 The golden meades in wanton armes, and hem
 Their looser skirts like an indented lace.
 Acrosse, and up and downe the river swame
 Her sacred swannes, who when they saw her grace,
 Unto her coach to doe their homage came :
 And from the land came turtles many a paire,
 Unto her deity who did the fame.

Then *Citherea*, seeing them to repaire,
 Bespake : Sir boy, we sure be gone amisse :
 (But yet, the best is this, the way was faire)
 Nay, doubtlesse, that no way to *Windfore* is,
 But to our palace in mount *Citheron*.
 And *Cupid* he was fore afraide by this
 Left it were so indeede ; when (having gone
 A little further) he might plainly see
 Where with his eye a castle met anone,
 High on a hill (as though it scorn'd to be
 Built on the baser earth) and tow'r'd above
 The lofty clouds, with such a majestie,
 As faide it could not be the Court of Love.
 Howe often have you seene together dwell
 The lordly eagle and the lowely dove,
 Of love and majesty concording well !

By this they to the castle-gate be come,
 That was shut in by warning of a bell.
 In every roome yet stirring heard they some,

Which made them loudly call, and loudly knocke ;
Yet none, no more then if they had bin dombe,
Would answer them : a long houre by the clocke,
They waited there ; now he, now she, now both.
Cupid at last did peepe in at the locke,
Yet no man came ; then *Venus* waxed wroth,
And since of force she must her purpose misse
To be reveng'd she tooke a solemne othe,
And saide, Much worship have we won, iwis,
If thus one filly woman may abuse
Two such great godheads : if we suffer this,
What wretch, I pray you, may not well refuse
To burne on our high altars his perfumes,
And by this president the fact excuse ?
Whether she on our gentlenesse presumes,
Or her own greatnesse, all is one for that ;
I shall ere long so pull her peacockes plumes,
That (though she now be yong and faire and fat)
She shall no sooner looke upon a glasse,
But she shall greeve and fore repine thereat,
And say, *That now is hay was sometimes grasse.*
Thinke she to scape our hands so franke and free,
That shee forsooth of *France* the daughter was,
Englands fresh bride, and thereby chaunc'd to be
Mother to him that now is king of both ?
Alas ! what's all this to a Deitie ?
No more but titles and meere toies in troth.
As then she hath deserv'd, so shall she have,
Divine revenge comes sure, though late and loth,
Belike these giddie *French* thincke they may brave
My sonne and me at pleasure, leave undone

What at their hands most lawfully we crave,
 Or do all lawlesse outrage under funne.
 They make but ev'n a woman and a childe
 Of me and thee, and thereby thinke to shunne
 Our vengeance: this it is to be so milde
 To malefactors, that for very spight
 Our temples and our altars have defilde,
 Left unprophaned no religious rite,
 But havocke made of holy maiden-head,
 As if the charge we had renounced quite
 That appertaineth to the bridall bed:
 Wherein the lawfull heire begotten is,
 Whom, after nine months fully finished,
 The shame-fac't father shall not feare to kisse,
 At midnight to him by the midwife borne:
 Yea, he himselfe will sweare it to be his,
 When *Lucifer* lets foorth the blusky morne.
 But if they still my patience thus shall wrong,
 By *S. Adonis* here, loe! have I sworne,
 And will not faile, I shall, ere it be long,
 A plague send on them that will quickly tame
 Their pride, and teach them sing another song.
 It shall feede in their marow like a flame,
 And rage through ev'ry corner of the land,
 That of the nation it shall take the name.
 But to the point that now we have in hand:
 Which to effect with more successful speede,
 Sonne Cupid, you awhile my friend must stand.

Mother (quoth he) to feare you shal not neede,
 For I have still beene your obsequious sonne,
 And still will be, in thought, and word, and deed.

Yet hold I not this dame so much a nunne
By nature, as by vertue of the clime
Is far removed northward from the funne ;
For she hath lov'd, and so may do in time.
The bird that, having once escap't the net,
Defies the fowler, may be caught by lime
Or other engines that for him be set ;
And so may she by some more quaint devise
(But what that is my selfe knows skarcely yet)
Maugre her heart, all were it made of yce.

Gramercie, sonne, quoth she, why then no doubt,
(Though she were ten times more then she is nice)
This act we shall bring well inough about.
But that I feare me which you lately tolde
About the climat all this isle throughout,
Is all the let that ever happen could ;
For though the Sunne now in the Lion raigne,
And his meridian, yet an uncouth cold,
Me thinks, doth hit me now through every vaine.
In *Affricke* if the lyon list to rage,
Who shall him from his ladyes side restrayne ?
Yet heere he sleepeth out his idle age,
And dreames not once of Natures kindly sport.
Were it not this, what grate or yron cage
Could coope him from his pleasure ? To be short,
The vine, that with the scorching funne by noone
Growes quickly ripe in *France*, if you transport
Into this country, ripeneth not so soone.
Yet is the soyle as thankful heere as there :
Yea, th' elements, all underneath the moone,
Remov'd from their owne place, some otherwhere

Take new impressions to them ; for the fire
 That only shines in his celestiall sphere
 Here burnes most violent. And with desire,
 Said *Cupid*, shall this faint, this *Katharine*
 In *Windshore* burne whom he did so admire,
 The man of *Monmouth*, when she did but shine
 In *France* at *Melars*, like a blazing starre,
 Whose faire aspect, and influence divine,
 Did stoppe the hoarse and open throate of warre.
 As there great *Henry* fel in love with her,
 Heere of another shall she dote as farre,
 Except my cunning, or this hand doe erre ;
 And that rich dowre, yea were it ten times moe,
 Upon a subject shall I soone conferre.

What ! on a Saxon, *Cupid*, will yee so ?
 Now by this mole (quoth she) upon my cheek,
 I rather had this high revenge forgoe,
 Which I on her so thirstingly do seeke,
 Then any flinty Saxon should succede
 A Prince so mighty, and a Prince so meeke.
 These Saxons cleane have wash'd away my feede,
 Swallowing the fat foyle like another flood :
 Those sturdy Saxons, whom the stones did breede,
 Which *Pyrrha* (when yet all the earth was mudde)
 By divelish divination backward threw
 To take the forme of flesh, and bones, and blood,
 These men, these stones, at an advantage flew
 Of thy poore kindred thousands with the sword,
 And all the wofull remnant did pursue
 To the bare mountaines, that could scarce afford
 Food for themselves, or safety from the foe,

Fowly intreating them in deede and word.
 Long were they torne and tosst thus to and fro,
 Now foiling, and then foild, till, at the last,
Edward the first (their fates ordaining so)
 To make them subject to his crowne did cast.
 His tender babe to be their Prince they tooke,
 To whose succeeding heires they stucke so fast,
 As none of them their faith as yet forfooke ;
 Save onely one, *Owen*, firnam'd *Glyndoore*,
 Who became rebell against *Bollinbrooke*,
 And by his pride made all his country poore.
 Ah *Harry* ! why shouldst thou, a civill Prince,
 For one mans fault and fury play the Moore
 Or Tartar thus, and tax a whole province
 With such uncourteous and barbarian lawes
 As never heard were of before, or since ?
 If *Fove*, alas ! as oft as men give cause
 Did every time but hurle a fiery ball,
 A little time then should he have to pause,
 And in a while himselfe leave none at all.
 For all yet that betide them could, or can,
 Here lives one still, and stil I hope he shall,
 A gallant and resolved gentleman,
 Faire *Owen Tudyr* : fire thou hir in love
 With him, my boy. Mother (said he) your swanne
 Shall not excede this eagle, nor your dove :
 Hereafter shall she stoope so to the lure,
 Though now awhile the clouds she toure above ;
 For her pure bosome with a brand as pure
 I wil so kindle, yet before the funne
 Get out of *Libra*, that none may recure

Her heart, but onely *Owen*. Well faide, sonne!
 (Him answered she) why should I then despaire?
 But (as one *Owen* hath us all undone)
 Another *Owen* may those harmes repaire.
 For who doth know, but that in time to come,
 There may spring from this wel consorted paire
 (I will so blesse and fructifie her wombe)
 H. 7., that seaven times happy man, who one day may
 Sit on this throne, and thence with mercy doome
 His and my people? O! when will that day
 Shine from the east upon this northerne clime?
 Then, then may well both Welch and English say,
 That they were borne in a most blessed time.

Mother, quoth he, thereof mine be the care,
 And if I faile therein, mine be the crime;
 But sith the court of heaven can hardly spare
 Us both at once, this cause to me referre:
 Perhaps the gods in no such busines are,
 Yet mortalles are. How shall the mariner
 That long in the wide ocean tossed is,
 And nothing sees save sea and heav'n, but er[r]e
 When your propitious starre he there doth misse?
 How shall the shepheard doe, that to the hill
 Leades forth his flocke, and home againe by this?
 How shall the strugling bride against her will,
 With her impatient love this night conceive,
 Unles your gracious influence doe fill
 Her fruitfull lap? God[s] must not therefore leave
 To helpe and comfort mortall men, because
 Of their due honor they the Gods bereave.

This said, he stayd, and with this only clause

She condescended that all should be done,
As that her selfe therto her best applause
Should give, and that as soone, too, as the funne
A judge betweene the night and day became.

O filly Queene! these snares how canst thou shun?
And how, O *Venus* (hadst thou any shame?)
Canst thou but blush, what have ye reapt by this?
Thou and thy sonne, what great and glorious name,
When by Gods beguyld one woman is?

A month and more, to make the Queene his slave,
He fought by all such traines and trickes of his
As knowe ye lovers (God from them me save!)
By dreames and fanfies whilst abed she lay:
So wisely though herselfe she did behave,
That once he thought it best to runne away.

By this the golden eye of heav'n, the funne,
From that disastrous and midnight of day
Wherin his clewe of life was cleane out spunne,
Henry, the first in fame, in name the fift,
About the silver skarfe of heav'n had runne:
Whose firy courfers (howsoever swift
To some glad harts) seeme to the sory flow,
And dull as lead, then first the Queene did lift
Her drooping ey-liddes from the earth belowe.
As one that having horded up his cheefe,
His only treasure, still his eye doth throwe
Backe to the place as to his best releefe;
So was the Queene and all the court to glose,
The more with her did flatter this her grieve:
For like the prince the people them compose.

Moov'd for their fakes, God wot, more then her owne,

The dowager Queene (like to the virgin rose
 That, all night is bedew'd, and newly blowne
 Unto the morning funne for comfort seekes)
 Those purer roses wiping, that were fowne
 Among the lillies in her lovely cheekes,
 And with her teares bedewed day and night,
 By the full space of two and fiftie weekes,
 Refolv'd at last to come by candle-light
 Into the presence chamber, and to glad
 Her heart a little with the peoples sight ;
 Who to see her againe were nothing sad :
 For all the lusty courtiers did devise
 (So soone as notice of her minde was had)
 To entertaine her with some strange disguise,
 Done by *Dan Lidgate*, a great learned munke,
 Who then in poesie bare away the prise ;
 For after *Chaucer* had he deeply drunke
 Of *Helicon*, as few besides have yet.

Now, when the funne into the sea was suncke,
 They all together in the wardrobe met,
 And them among (though farre above them all)
 The gentle *Owen* was : a man well fet ;
 Broad were his shoulders, thogh his waste but smal ;
 Straight was his backe, and even was his breast,
 Which no lesse seemely made him shew then tall.
 Such as *Achilles* seem'd among the rest
 Of all his army clad in mighty brasse :
 Among them such (though all they of the best)
 The man of Mone, magnifique *Owen*, was.
 He seem'd an other oake among the breers ;
 And as in stature, so did he surpas

In wit, and active feates, his other peeres.
He nimbly could discourfe, and nimbly daunce,
And ag'd he was about some thirty yeeres :
But armed had ye seene him go to *France*,
Ye would have saide, that few on foote or horfe
Could have so toss'd a pike, or couch'd a lance,
Wherewith to ground he brought full many a corse ;
That oft alone when I recount the fame,
My tender heart cannot but have remorse :
To write it then, alas ! I were too blame.
Of onely Love, and of his armes, I sing :
Thy warres (O *Mars* !) I meane not once to name ;
Yet hardly could I spare that haughty string,
Did not the boy mine eare pull now and then,
Beyond my bounds for feare I chance to fling,
The fame and splendor of my countrymen
Invite me so. What is he that can holde
In his rude fingers such a flaggy pen,
If aught by chance of *Agincourt* be tolde,
But into teares his eies would quickly thawe,
Insteade of inke, to write the manifolde
And goodly slaughters which our men did drawe
That day in blood ? But O ! thou mighty ghost
Of *Henry Monmouth*, who yet holdes in awe
My bolder ditty, that so longs to boast
Those olde *Heroës*, crown'd with holie bayes,
That under him did use to leade his hoste ;
Beauforts, Veres, Nevills, Talbots, Cliffords, Grayes !
O ! pardon thou, and they, that I leave out
Th'immortall mortall fights and bloody frayes
By force of armes there fairely brought about.

And thou, *John Huntington*, whose acts I more
 Admire than all, before whose face the rout
 Of fearefull *Normans*, when thou cam'st ashore
 From the triumphed ocean fled away,
 As heartlesse hares the greyhounds doe before :
 Redoubted Earle, of pardon I thee pray.
 God wot I would, yet halfe so great a taske
 I dare not undertake ; and sooth to say,
 That argument a lowder trump doth aske,
 To found a march too slender is my reede ;
 Inough is it to tune a courtly maske :
 Then, to high purpose and the point procede.

While they made ready there, ye might have seen,
 One or an other, in a masking weede,
 Go friske about upon the rushes greene,
 And wish, if aught he chanced well to do,
 That all were done no worfe before the Queene.

Some one the God of Love did pray unto,
 With his milde mother, so to stand his friend,
 As he thereby his ladies love might woe,
 To whose sweete praise his paines he did commend :
 Another, that he might good honors make,
 As ev'ry measure did beginne or end,
 Whereof his mistress might due notice take :
 One that the dropping linkes defilde him not
 For his white suite of costly fattenfak :
 An other that his impleafe, or his mot,
 Or aught of his the princeffe minde might please.

Full many a suite in broken fighes, God wot,
 Was offered there ; yet all could not appease
 His kindled ire, who by this easie baite

Thought now or never on the Queene to seafe,
That had so often made him sound retraite.

It fell that foure and twenty pages were
Appoynted on the revelers to waite,
Who, two by two, before each paire should beare
The linkes aloft ; and for the greater shoue,
Like suites to them and vizards also weare.

The wily god, that all this did foreknow,
By putting on the person of a page,
Made up the compt, his quiver and his bowe
To buy a visard which he layd to gage ;
But turned into a blazing torch his brand :
A pretty stripling, much about the age
Of fourteene yeares he seem'd, when he did stand
Among the rest. Now was it time to sup :
So costly nothing was by sea or land
But it was had, while still the frothy cup
Did haste to deale about the lusty wine.

When all was ended, and the boord was up,
In heav'n above the starres began to shine ;
Where also burned *Cithere* the bright,
To *Cupid* nodding, who knewe well the signe :
And, like an other heav'n, with starry light
Adorn'd was all the prefence round about,
That into day againe did turne the night,
Although the cheefest light was yet without.

With this the trumpets, lo ! began to found,
And eke the multitude aloude to shout,
(That all the roome did ev'n againe rebound,
Reechoing no particle amis)
God save your Grace, and God your foes confound !

To some her hand of snowe she gave to kis,
She talk'd with other, and gave thanks to all
Along the chamber, as the manner is.

Behold! how many fiery sparkles small,
The moone about her silver orbe doth spend,
When *Hesperus* the evening foorth doth call:
So many glorious ladies, glad to tend
Upon the Queene unto her princely state,
Downe to the ground before her Grace did bend.

As there in Majesty awhile she fate,
With shamefac'd lookes lowe fix'd upon the ground,
Loe! three faire damfels fal'ne at foule debate,
And them before a trumpet hard to sound.
The damfells, dreaft in white and blew and blacke,
Were asked, whence they were, and whither bound?
Whom they did looke for? or what they did lacke?

Awhile they paus'd, and oft they changed hew,
The one still to the other looking backe,
Till she, that all appareld was in blew,
Stept foorth at last, and making curt'fy low,
Beganne aloud. Most mightie Queene, to you
In humble manner we present this showe:
A filly maide, a widow, and a wife,
As by our habits you may partly know.
Alate betwene us hapned heavy strife,
Whether the wife, the widow, or the maide,
Lives the most happy and contented life?
All what we could, we three therin have said,
And women (as men clatter) want no words.
Yet heere (alas!) the matter hath not staide;
For acted it must needs be by the swords

Of martialists ; but your majestike hand,
 That unto misers mercy still affords,
 The same by your authority withstand :
 Which is so foveraigne, and doth carry weight
 With all the mighty spirites of the land,
 That ended all this sturre will heere be streight.
 Eight hardy squiers doe holde of maidenhead
 (Whereof is *Owen Tudyr* chiefe), and eight
 Maintaine that it much better is to wed :
 The last eight by like arguments approve
 The life sequestred from the nuptiall bed.
 Renowned Empreffe, then let pittie move
 Your royall breast to save them from the spoile.
 What heart of yron hath she, that doth love
 To see one man in fight an other foile,
 Or once abide to see the blood to streame
 That in the manly bosome wents to boile ?

Heereat, as one awak'd out of a dreame,
 The softly fighting Queene upstartd soone,
 Guilding the world with such a glorious beame
 As doth the funne this hemispheare by noone,
 With morning showrs though somewhat overspred :
 Or, as when in some misty night, the moone
 Breaks through the clouds, and shews her silver head.

And thus she spake. Ye vertuous maid and wife,
 (For such ye seeme) and thou whose halfe is dead,
 Whose other halfe resolves to leade the life
 That also doth thy Queene : not all this ile
 A fitter one could yeeld to stint your strife,
 Extended out though it lie many a mile,
 And, but the sea, abides not any bound ;

For all three courses have I knowne awhile.
 A very maide of me King *Henry* found,
 (Whose foule God pardon, and to mercie take)
 To whom my love my faith kept ever found,
 That all the world my honour might not shake,
 Ne wracke my fame against so foule a shelve.
 As unto him, so for his onely sake
 I will remaine no lesse true to my selfe ;
 For *Henries* wife and widow will I die.
 Honours, vaine pleasures, transitory pelfe,
 I force not of such gaudes a whit, not I :
 Yet doth this trash the mindes of many tempt
 To loves delights, from whose vile tyranny
 Princes, no more then other, are exempt.
 But onely him I lov'd, so do I now,
 And ever shall ; of whom both thought and dreamt
 I have so oft, that no man else may bow
 My settled heart : onely (were he alive)
 He might, perhaps, prevaile against my vow.

And God, I begge it now, so let me thrive,
 If aught I speake the worlds good word to woo
 Beyond my worth ; but with his thunder drive
 Mee quicke those ugly shades of hell into,
 Before, O shamefastnes ! that I forsake
 Thee, or yet any lawe of thine undoe.

Might I with me my little *Henry* take
 To some remote and solitary denne ;
 Your noble prince, his servant God him make,
 (Whereto the people cried *Amen, Amen!*)
 I could be well content no more to come
 Among the prease and multitudes of men.

Not that I doubt but vertuous there be some,
I knowe there be, and many in this place.
This of my speech then is the very fumme ;
That oft alone when I recount my case,
No life, me thinkes, is like to widdowhoode,
So God but guide it with his holy grace.

Heereat the maide and wife astoned stoode.
Mistake me not, quoth then the lovely Queene,
For often hath it beene no lesse a good
To marry wel, then to live singly seene.
Perhaps the more, if hearts as well as hands
Be rightly tied the married paire betweene :
Not altogether wedded unto lands,
Ne wealthy dowres. Ah ! never may she thrive,
That on the purse above the party stands.
She that so weds (as I know none that did)
Beguiles her husband ; he hath but the hive,
Another eates the hony. God forbid
That ever any courtly dame should carry
A heart so base within her bosome hid !
As for my selfe, had I not lov'd my *Harry*,
Perdy, I make a vow that, for my part,
No kingdome could have tempted me to marry
Against the love and liking of my hart.

But ah ! not long had I enjoyed my joy,
When ugly Death comes stealing with his dart,
(For hand of man could never him annoy)
And him of life, and me of love deprives.
Yet hath he left behinde a princely boy,
That in my breast his heav'nly shape revives.
So like the father doth he daily grow,

As any you have seene in all your lives,
Yea, like him he already learns to goe :
So would he bend the bowe, so would he looke,
His eies, his hands, he cast, he carried so.

But whither have I, like a wandring brooke,
Thus err'd by love? Few liquid pearles then gusht
From out her eies, and then her breath she tooke.
But (Lord!) then how the lovely virgine blusht,
When all the people did the Queene pursue
With fresh applauses; till, when all was hush'd,
The Queene did her continued speech renew.

Ladies, it seemes (and therewithall she fate)
It seemes, I say, to us, that each of you
So pleased is with her peculiar state,
That all the world may not your wills reclaime.
Me lever also weare your love then hate,
Whereat no vertuous prince did ever aime.
Tyranny feare, and feare this hate begot.
What duety then can want a privy maim
That of the subjectes love proceedeth not?
I then conclude, no kinde of life amis
That is so fixt, and alters not a jot:
Unhappy most the least resolved is,
When as the great commander in the warres
Affects the marchants life, the marchant his,
Who knowes each crooked motion of the starres:
The clerke againe envies the courtier,
And he the clowne. To leave particulars,
In us, and you, (for oft thus one may erre)
I must (I hope to none of your disgrace)
Together when all courses I conferre,

Of force define, that both resigne the place
To maidenhead ; as copper doth, or brasse,
When Indy gold their glory doth deface.

A worthy wife, no doubt, *Susanna* was,
Redeem'd from death, as she was thereto led ;
Yet did the widdow *Judith* her surpass ;
Who smote off, as he breath'd his last abed,
That horrid head, yet breathing warre and lust.
But unto *Mary*, well of maidenhead,
This, and that other yeeld of duty must :
The Maide, where three times three months did repose
The Sunne, in whom repose is all my trust.

A virgin is but ev'n a very rose,
For once if hand of man thereon be laide,
Both scent and colour it will quickly lose,
So tender is the bloome in ev'ry maide.
That innocent and ever happy state,
(Had our forefathers not so fondly straid)
Wherein God humane nature did create,
In holy maidenhead resembled is,
Whence having false too soone, we grieve too late :
When all the world doth point at our amis,
Then see we naked shame with open eyes.

Yea, maidenhead goes farre beyond all this ;
For in that earthly place of paradise,
As heere we doe, they did by Gods behest :
But in that heav'n, where his owne owner lies,
As are his angels, such are all the rest ;
Maides and unmarried. Heere then I conclude
That maidenhead of all is only best.
And as she faile, so faile the multitude.

Then all three ladies (who did now relent,
And pardon aske that they had beene so rude)
Besought the night in sportes might now be spent;
Whom so to doe with many thanks she praide.

So they unto the foure and twenty sent
To certifie them what the Queene had saide,
And therewithall to bid them haste away.
The messenger so did, and they obaide.

Alacke for pittie! now what shall I say?
A wily traitor and a very thiefe,
That all the while in ambush closely lay
Among the maskers, is become the chiefe:
And to the castle is already come,
Good Queene, I feare me, to thy further grieve.

Herewith was heard the trumpet and the drum,
As if they had beene marching for the field:
By two and two they entred all and some,
Each after other offering up his shield,
While she, that in all curtisie did abound,
To every man particular thanks did yeeld.
The softer musicke then beganne to found,
And eke the ladies were had out to dance:
It also pleasde the Queene to walke a round,
The courtly sportes the more to countenance,
With whom (bicause he did the measures leade)
To couple it was *Owens* happy chance.

Then all in order gan it softly treade
Up and downe, in and out: the planets seaven,
Rapt with harmonious spheres (as we may reade)
So daunce about the lofty pole of heaven.

The measures ended, it grewe very late,

(For it was halfe an houre nigh past eleaven.)
Then bade the Queene, that one belowe the state
A stoole for her should set upon the ground :
This done, anone downe thereuppon she fate.

Some in their cinqueapase did nimbly bound,
Some did the cros-point, some high capers cut,
And on the toe some other turned round ;
While still the minstrell on the trembling gut,
Strove with division to outrunne the time
That hasted on the revells up to shut,
(For midnight now the clock began to chime.)
Then issued *Owen* out among the rest,
Reserved untill then, as onely prime
Of all the maskers, and the very best.

Love that did all the while no will forsloe,
That help to sett afire her snowy brest,
Resolv'd, at last, that it must needs be so.

Wherefore, as *Owen* did his galliard daunce,
And grac'd it with a turne upon the toe ;
(Whether his eyes aside he chaunc'd to glaunce,
And, like the lovely God, became so blinde,
Or else, perhaps, it were his happy chaunce,
I know not, and record none can I finde.)
This is the shorte: the Queene being very nigh,
He fell, and (as he forwarde downe declinde)
His knee did hit against her softer thigh.
I hope hee felt no great hurt by the fall,
That happy fall which mounted him so high ;
For up he quickly sprang, and therewithall
He fetch'd me such a frisk above the ground
That, O well doone ! cried out both great and small.

The Queene arose then, and dealt thanks around
To all of them, but unto *Owen* most :
The trumpets also they began to sound,
For on she pass't, and after her an hoast
Of lovely ladies, while the people praied,
That God would guide her with his holy ghost.

Thus all the court was very well apaide,
And every dauncer in delight did swimme,
But *Owen* onely, who was so dismaide,
That all the company came to comfort him.
Amongst all, one wisht it had beene his happe :
I can not blame him, though he lost a lim,
That long'd to pitch in such a princely lappe.

But out, alas ! what shall there more be saide ?
This was but ev'n an engine and a trappe,
That for the feely foule was lately laide :
The fairest foule, I weene, that ever was,
This onely tricke so fowly hath betraide.

As into some one centre of the glasse
The funny beames we doe contract to light
Divine tobacco, that all blame doth passe,
Because all union hath the greater might ;
So fierce *Cupido* caus'de his fiery brand
Upon that eagle-eye of his to light,
That in the very turning of a hand,
Reflected it might set afire her heart,
That obstacles none might it once withstand.

The wound did at the first not greatly smart,
For it was inward, and there softly bled
Feeding the fire, till (having got apart)
Her yvory body laide in yvory bed,

She there afresh of all beganne to thinke
(For idle fancies there be sooneft fed)
And unawares let love in softly sinke
Betweene the lillies of her lovely brest.

What should she doe? she could not sleepe a wink,
Nor any respite take, nor any rest,
Nor once but dreame (for how can one awake?)
That it was got such an unruly guest:
Which on the gods behalfe did greatly make.

It was the very dead of drowfy night,
When every creature else his ease did take
But onely yong Queene *Katherine* the bright;
Whose eies (like two faire diamonds set in rings)
Awak'd her outward little world to light.
For ugly night with her broade raven-wings
Had overhild the golden goodly face
As well of heavenly as of earthly things,
And the dull humour powred downe apace
On weary miserable mortall men.
Loe! then beganne her eyes first to embrace
An easie slumber: her devotions then
She softly sigh'd, and *Requiem* also faide
For her deere Lord: thus (having breath'd *Amen*,
And softer cheeke upon soft pillow laide)
Fell fast asleepe. Who then but *Cupid* fung?
Who laugh'd, who danc'd, or half such Herods plaid?
For here and there the fire about he flung,
As did in *Ætna* his supposed fire:
That where before she was but only stung
A little in the fancie with desire,
And quickly might have cur'd the same againe,

(Had she but usde the meanes) his raging fire
Diffusde the venim now through ev'ry vaine.

As elementar fire doth closely creepe
Betweene some plankes, the greater height to gaine,
Not daring out of his blinde cell to peepe,
Before, alas ! (as oft it doth befall)
The goodman of the house be fast asleepe ;
Then opposition finding none at all,
About the noone of night invades the sparres,
And many hundred thousand sparkles small,
About the welkin hurls to mocke the starres :
At last in smoaky flames it chokes the skies,
And of the building all the beauty marres,
Or once the owner halfe can ope his eyes.

O mercy God ! O Love ! O Charity !
What is this heate, or how doth it arise ?
Is it begot but of a wanton eye,
And so conceived in a gentle hart ?
If it be so, then aske I reason why ?
Thy selfe, O Love ! of eyes deprived art.
But if by fatall revolution
Of any starre, O God ! thou guide thy dart,
(Sith that we know the certaine motion
Of every starre in heav'n, both her degree,
Her opposition, and conjunction,
With every other hidden qualitie,
Portending what is likeliest to befall)
Reveale, O God ! reveale thou unto me
That am thy priest (though worthy least of all)
So long have I rebel'd against thy law,
Blaspheming it as ceremonial,

Enacted onely fooles to keepe in awe :
 Yet, sith I doe recant my folly now
 That into danger youth might haply draw,
 Reveale the reason, and the cause, why thou
 In all thy deedes so diverse ever art ;
 And doe, I pray, instruct thy Prophet, how
 In every pageant thou dost play thy part,
 Provoking here to love and there to lust.

Why should a lady like with all her hart
 (Her selfe borne under *Jove* and *Venus* just)
 A tawny face befur'd with fable haire,
 Borne under old Saturnus starre combust ?

What appetite the foule hath to the faire
 Is evident ; for every feely foule
 Knowes with perfection how things long to paire :
 But that the faire should stoope unto the foule,
 A wonder it doth seeme to me, no lesse
 Then if an eagle should unto an owle.
 Yet more may be then I can haply gesse :
 I might be numbred eighth among the wise,
 If all to know myselfe I should professe.

It is because that in faire womans eyes
 Blacke men seeme pearles (and women all, awis,
 Would be, or else, which doth as well suffice,
 Reputed faire ?) or is it haply this,
 That any beauty layde against the blacke,
 Of much more beautie and more brightnes is ?
 Is it because we like (though nought we lacke)
 What others have ? or else because this hue
 Lends livelier heate and moisture to the backe ?

Why should a queene, to whom so many sue,

So many princes would be prowde to serve,
Bid all the glittering pompe of court adue,
And to a private love her sweets reserve?
Why should she spend with him her happy dayes,
That hardly doth to serve her but deserve?

This is thy power, O Love! this is thy praise;
For unto Gods it only doth belong
The mighty downe to pull, the meeke to raise:
Thou findest likes, or else ere it be long,
Thou framest such of fundry qualities.
It is then open, and no petty wrong,
To charge thee so with incongruities;
For onely thou alone in all thy deedes,
As at the first yet work'st by contraries.

When as together all the fundry feedes
Of undigested *Chaos* did conspire
To mould the body that so many breeds,
The earth, the aire, the water and the fire,
(For each was unto either deadly foe)
To fundry rankes did all at once retire:
The leight got up, the heavy stay'd below,
The sea did start aside to shew the land,
The windes did on the billowes stisly blow,
All which be now tied in so friendly band,
As they may not beyond their limits range,
And this was done by thy almighty hand.
Nor art thou, Lord (for all thou seeme so strange)
Yet halfe so mutable as any man,
But as resolved, and unapt to change,
As at the day when first the world began.

Perhaps by some to scorne I shall be laught

For holding so, say all they what they can,
This is the truth, thus other shall be taught :
Yea (though therefore I should be tortured)
I would not alter any word for aught,
For all is right, if it be rightly read.

FINIS.

RICHARDO MARTINO HUGO HOLLANDIUS

*Optimo Oratori Pessimus Poëta,
veteris et perfecti amoris ergò
novum sed imperfectum poëma
mittit.*

SONULUS HENDECASYLLABICUS.

*Hoc, Martine, tibi vetus sodalis
Nuper mitto novum poema cœptum,
Nec doctum satis id, nimisve ineptum :
Vester Pegasus est, nec ipse talis
Qui tantis vehar incitatus alis.
Verùm me videor sat esse adeptum,
Si carmen tibi tale sit receptum ;
Nec lectum tibi non fuisse malis.
Quod (si quid saperem) domo quietâ
Annus debuerat videre nonus :
O sed famâ ego gloriaque spretâ
In pessum cecidi poeta pronus ;
“ Tanto pessimus omnium poeta,
“ Quanto tu optimus omnium patronus.”*

TO SIR ROBERT COTTON, KNIGHT,

Lord of Cunnington.

My reasons can no longer hold out nor yet my modesty: nature indeed hath armed me against blushing, not against bashfulness. Have here then this double imperfect poem. First, though ill, not all done: Secondly, through all ill done. The faults I confess in making (as they be many) are mine: the fault in setting forth (if it be any) is yours; and so much the more yours, by how much the more you would have mine published. It was (if you remember) the worke, or rather the pastime of one vacation. Howbeit, that can no way iustly excuse me. For (if the destiny of these leaves should out-spin Nature in our lives) how should posterity be informed in how short time the same were written? All the writings of old time were as the testaments of the writers: but most of the writers of our dayes are as executors to their writings; not unlike *Hecuba* in the tragedy, who in her own lifetime saw the death of all her children. And to say but truth (had not I beene the more indulgent father) these rimes of mine (which nigh upon two yeares have nowe layen by me) had long since made windeing-sheets for perfumed gloves in the EXCHANGE. The last summer I began to put this infant (then about some twelve-moneths old) out of his foule and swatheling clowts; and (like our *London* nurses, who, when they bring their foster-children to be shewed the friends, dresse them up in their best habiliments) wrote it out curiously with mine own hand, thinking to have gone into

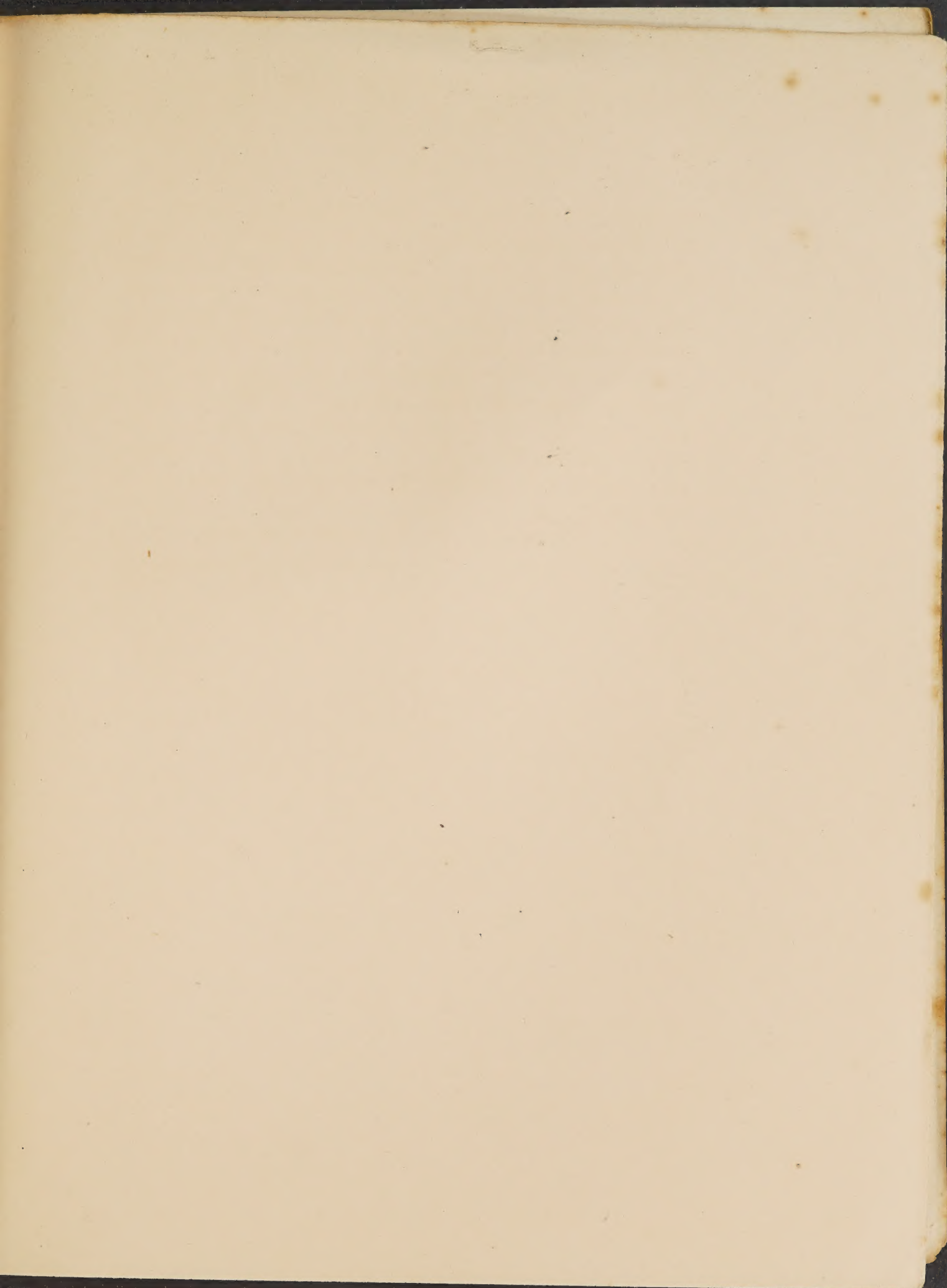
Scotland and to have given it the king ; towards whom my loyaltie, I was in those dayes as daring to powre into your bosome, as I found it ready to endure the same. Your love to me, and our duty to him gave us both confidence thereunto: to speake nothing of particular interest, his Maiesty and you descended of two brothers, hee from *Rob. le Bruse*, and you from *Bernard*. But ill newes carried me into *Wales*, and upon my returne Maister Secretary *Herbert* (with whom was in commission the noble and gentle Lord *Eure*, and the right worthy and vertuous Maister Doctor *Dun*), being ready to goe into *Germany* (which was his thirteenth publike employment), I signified to his Honour the desire I had, but once in my life, to see the world (for untill then I had beene alwayes one of the Queenes deere), and he lovingly consented thereunto. Beleeve me, Sir *Rob.*, he eis the man I tooke him for, and told you of. I will not speake of honors and titles, things (like representations in glasses) actuated by other ; but rather of his learning, his wisdom, honesty ; the first and last whereof are goodly vertues in a man of his fortune, all three lying within the spheare of our owne activitie. At *Amstelredam*, in my way homeward (for I returned before their Lordships) I met those good ill-newes of the Queens death, to whose honour and memory (*neque me meminisse pigebit ELISAE*), as by the Preface may appeare, I had once entended this first booke of the Præparation or Præludium of the love betweene *Owen Tudyr* and the Queene ; which Preface notwithstanding I will have printed with the rest, that I doe so much right to that dead Lady, sometimes our soveraigne Queene and mistresse. The very Gospel it selfe (next which no gladder tidings could have pierced our

eaes, then that King JAMES his head should be invested with the royall diadem) did allow the law, an honorable buriall. Neither should we fashion our selves to such whose affection to her waxed cold before her body, who thought they had done her a stout piece of service, that they forooke not her body before her soule did. I judge modestly of them all, and hope it was but a longing they had to see his Majesty, whom God of his mercy long preserve, left he, who hath freed us from one curse of a kingdome, that is a woman, leave us unto another, that is, a childe. I have written an acrosticke sonet to his Maiestie, a canzonet to the Queene, and another acrosticke unto the Prince; whose servant I am by vow, and subordinate subject by birth. For I doubt not but his noble father will shortly kisse him, and deliver him the verge of gold, with his patent, whereby hee is entituled Prince of *Wales*: which (though now high in nothing but mountaines) I hope one day shall be raised by his Graces presence; in whom we claime a double interest, as well by *Walter Stewarte*, as *Owen Tudyr*, both of them lineally descended from the most haught and magnanimous Princes of *Wales*. My second booke (if God spare life) of the entertainment of their love (which I principally vow to the honour of the better parte of his Graces principallity, my beloved country gentle Northwales, where by the way I am to speake somewhat of the warres of *Owen Glindoure*, with the worthy deeds of the two thunder-bolts of warre, the noble Percies) I purpose to consecrate unto his Highnesse: as also the third booke, of the perfection of their love, unto the Queens right excellent Majestie. For unto whom should I dedicate the perfection of love but to the perfection of beautie? I speake this but

by heare-fay: you have seene her, and know I flatter not, from which fault (if from any) I am most free: for in flattery (saith *Tacitus*) is the foule fault of slavery, and freedom of speach will be thought malice. Howbeit, after the faire example of our good friend M. *Martin* (who, with like libertie as eloquence, was not afraide to tell the King the truth) I will so comorte my selfe and wade warily betweene both, that I ever carry the heart of a monarchy, and the tongue of a common-wealth; the one loyall, the other liberall. In which resolution I end, commending this poëm to the concept of the reader, my selfe to you, and you to God.

Your very loving

HUGH HOLLAND.



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